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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1901. NUMBER 17

Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the God's abode.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1901. NUMBER 17

"THE TOILING AGES."

Souls are restless, plagued, impatient things,
All dream and unaccountable desire;
Crawling, but pestered with the thought of wings;
Spreading through every inch of earth's old mire
Mystical hanker after something higher.

Wishes are horses, as I understand.
I guess a wistful polyp that has strokes
Of feeling faint to gallivant on land
Will come to be a scandal to his folks;
Legs he will sprout, in spite of threats and jokes.

And at the core of every life that crawls
Or runs or flies or swims or vegetates—
Churning the mammoth's heart-blood, in the galls
Of shark and tiger planting gorgeous hates,
Lighting the love of eagles for their mates;

Yes, in the dim brain of the jellied fish
That is and is not living—moved and stirred
From the beginning a mysterious wish,
A vision, a command, a fatal Word:
The name of Man was uttered, and they heard.

Upward along the aeons of old war
They sought him; wing and shank-bone, claw and bill
Were fashioned and rejected; wide and far
They roamed the twilight jungles of their will;
But still they sought him, and desired him still.

Man they desired, but mind you, Perfect Man,
The radiant and the loving, yet to be!

From "The Menagerie" by William Vaughn Moody.

The Old Year.

The Christmas joy has passed and it is easy in the reaction to take up the thought of the Old Year, to bid it good-bye tenderly before we turn again to join in the chorus of "A Happy New Year!" We will not try to estimate nineteen hundred and one. Even our obituary of it is postponed for another week.

Enough to say that the year has dealt with us more tenderly than we knew; the parching drought of the summer, the painful assassination in the autumn have sobered the prosperity that otherwise was in danger of becoming intoxication. It has summoned us as a people to show cause for our joy and to take account of our moral and spiritual stock and helped us, let us hope, in so modifying our plans and chastening our joys that they may carry the farther.

Penitence is good for the soul when it is sincere and is committed to reform.

What are we ashamed of as we think of the year gone?

Ashamed of our faithlessness, of our passionate antagonisms, our bitter denunciations, our silly extravagances, our reckless investments, our shallow pleasures.

Neutral colors best become the lady and the gentleman. Quiet patterns in dress and in speech are most becoming to the loving soul. And as we think of the year gone we are most glad of the foolishness we did not commit, the extravagance we did not perpetrate, the debts we did not incur.

Let our readers think themselves out on these lines, finish this editorial and prepare the way for the "Happy New Year" that will greet us and them before another issue of UNITY.

As for UNITY, we are glad that it did not die in nineteen hundred and one, that it is alive to face another struggle for life in nineteen hundred and two. We are glad of the friends that have helped us to live and are glad also for those whose friendship and support we needed but did not have; we are glad that their neglect did not kill us. For their sake we are alive.

Hoping that we may keep the old friends and find a few new, we wish the known and the unknown friends of UNITY

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The Republic of the World is the title of still another new publication that seeks to advance the cause of peace and to bring about an organized world. The first number, bearing date of January, 1902, contains quotations from Victor Hugo, Renan, Whitman, Emerson, Lowell, UNITY, etc., etc. It hails from Milwaukee.

As if perplexities, Philippine, industrial and political, were not burdens enough to heap upon our president and his cabinet, the women of the presidential set are apparently precipitating a new budget of perplexities, viz., perplexities social. Alas, for the democracy the administration of which is caught in the toils of "functions" and conventional etiquette.

Nineteen Hundred and One closes with signs of promise in poetry. William Archer has published a book in London setting forth the claims of thirty-three living English and American poets who have been born since the year 1850, and strange to say most of these names are comparatively unknown even to the "intelligent reader." Perhaps 1902 will make them more conspicuous and will perhaps help establish the perspective that will enable us to discriminate between the thirty-three, and find who of them are the more excellent.

It is as fitting as it is interesting that there should be a "Max Müller Library" in Japan. Three thousand pounds sterling has been raised and paid for a collection of books gathered by the hands of the great advocate of universal religion. The collection, of course, is specially devoted to philology and comparative religion. One represents the road he traveled towards the conclusions represented by the other. Japan will profit by this library and will add thereto for it also has a contribution to make to the fraternity of religion.

The First Parish Church of Cambridge under the direction of Mr. Crothers has been undergoing important repairs and improvements, some fifty thousand dollars having been expended in building a parish house and in renovating the audience room. In the church building belonging to this parish Anne Hutchinson was tried in 1637, and Dr. Abiel Holmes, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes, was intsalled in 1792. Rev. William Newell, Frances G. Peabody and Edward H. Hall are in the line of succession, and now Mr. Crothers conserves the old for the service of the new.

Rev. Newton M. Mann, of Omaha is a brave man. The last evidence of his courage is that he has been heroic enough to advertise long sermons to take the place of the "short sermon" that has been in such demand in certain quarters on behalf of the pews and which has been the hope of so many preachers. He advertises that at least every other Sunday he will give a discourse an hour long, and the news is that the two experiments crowded the house and called for chairs. We think the demand for "short sermons" generally comes from those who go to church but irregularly. We know of some pulpits to which the long sermon is no innovation and no experiment. What the people need and are waiting for is the sermon that is full of meat, that represents the maximum of the preacher's ability, the sermon that is the result of long brooding and, when needs be, careful reading and conscientious development, its limits being determined not by the clock, but by the needs of the subject thoroughly grasped. It is not the "hour long," but the "hour long sermon by Mr. Mann" that crowds the Unitarian church at Omaha.

The December supplement of *The Commons*, which is the organ of the Settlement work of which Prof. Graham Taylor is head resident, is interestingly illuminated with pictures of the old and the new *Commons*, which shows not only what money has done, but what money might do. There is more money needed. *The Commons* has heroically set itself to the high though difficult task of combining the work of the church and the work of the Settlement; that is, of utilizing the active forces of social worship and religious teaching in the humanitarian activities in a Settlement. Most Settlements have given this perplexing task up, assuming that the church methods are unavailable to Settlement activities. We believe that *The Commons* is trying a prophetic experiment and that eventually the Settlement is to take into itself such of the lasting and permanent forces of the church that it will become a religious center in a fuller sense than it has yet succeeded in becoming. In common with all other students of the social problem, we watch the development of *The Commons* with increasing interest and commend it to the consideration of the generous.

The present political situation in Alabama as interpreted by a Democratic paper of the North is a most pitiable one. Governor, auditor and commissioner of agriculture are busy at work appointing registrars for each county, who will have absolute and final power in deciding on the qualifications of a voter. Two of the above board of three are reported to be thoroughly committed to the policy of appointing no member as registrar whose "character is not a guaranty" that he will redeem the pledges made to the people by the friends of the "new constitution," which pledges are practically that no white man shall be disfranchised and no colored man shall be made eligible. There is said to be a great rush of applicants throughout the state for a position that yields only two dollars a day for sixty days in the year. Is it another case of "the gods making mad those whom they would destroy"? Certainly no calamity such as loomed up in the mind of the most conservative resident in Alabama as coming from impartial suffrage on horizontal tests can be so dire in the sober second judgment of even this same conservative citizen as this far-reaching scheme at judicial prevarication, legal subterfuge and organized anarchy. May the Christmas season vouchsafe a visitation of grace to Alabama and help redeem that land of sunshine from political darkness and social turpitude.

GOOD POETRY.

This column will for awhile present in the issues of each month the work of one poet, giving the work of the younger men where it is worthy.—Eds.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Born in Sandymount, Dublin, 1866. He spent the greater part of his childhood at Sligo. He has contributed to the "National Observer" and other perodicals. Among his publications are "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry," 1888; etc.

Fergus and the Druid.

Fergus:
The whole day have I followed in the rocks,
And you have changed and flowed from shape to shape,
First as a raven on whose ancient wings
Scarcely a feather lingered, then you seemed
A weasel moving on from stone to stone,
And now at last you wear a human shape,
A thin gray man, half lost in gathering night.
Druid:
What would you, king of the proud Red Branch kings?
Fergus:
This would I say, most wise of living souls:
Young subtle Concobar sat close by me
When I gave judgment, and his words were wise,
And what to me was burden without end,
To him seemed easy, so I laid the crown
Upon his head to cast away my care.
Druid:
What would you, king of the proud Red Branch kings?
Fergus:
I feast amid my people on the hill,
And pace the woods and drive my chariot wheels
In the white border of the murmuring sea;
And still I feel the crown upon my head.
Druid:
What would you?
Fergus:
I would be no more a king,
But learn the dreaming wisdom that is yours.
Druid:
Look on my thin gray hair and hollow cheeks,
And on these hands that may not lift the sword,
This body trembling like a wind-blown reed.
No maiden loves me, no man seeks my help,
Because I be not of the things I dream.
Fergus:
A wild and foolish laborer is a king,
To do and do and do, and never dream.
Druid:
Take, if you must, this little bag of dreams;
Unloose the cord, and they will wrap you round.
Fergus:

I see my life go dripping like a stream
From change to change; I have been many things,
A green drop in the surge, a gleam of light
Upon a sword, a fir-tree on a hill,
An old slave grinding at a heavy quern,
A king sitting upon a chair of gold,
And all these things were wonderful and great;
But now I have grown nothing, being all,
And the whole world weighs down upon my heart:
Ah! Druid, Druid, how great webs of sorrow
Lay hidden in the small slate-colored thing!

The Rose of the World.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the pasing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnets' wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with loud sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Correspondence.

MARKHAM'S "POET-LORE."

EDITORS UNITY:

I found your issue of Dec. 12 full of profit. Your symposium on helpful books is a catalogue well worth any library's posting in a conspicuous place as a guide to a year's good reading.

The poem "Poet-Lore," which you quote from Mr. Edwin Markham, is one of my favorites. Rev. John Chadwick, in his sermon on "The Man with the Hoe," called that well-known piece of verse an "imprecatory psalm," and said the Book of David contained many psalms not so affecting or so beautiful as this hoe poem.

The lines "Poet-Lore" seem to me of this same psalm-like order—a sort of My-soul-let-us-magnify-the-Lord effect is always about its noble praise of poesy.

I was glad that you had chosen it from so many fine things in Mr. Markham's Lincoln book. But feeling so deeply the message of this poem, I was sorry to note in the last stanza that some slip of the types had changed the poet's word *golden* to *godless,* and so made one couplet absolutely meaningless. The lines should read:

"The Golden Heaven or the Pit—
He shakes the music out of it."

Very truly yours,
MARY SIMPSON GOODRICH.

New York, Dec. 22, 1901.

THE PULPIT.

The Remedy for Anarchy.

A Thanksgiving Preparation Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls Church, Chicago, Sunday, November 24, 1901.

Thanksgiving Day is the one religious festival established and perpetuated by civic proclamation in the American year. It is the most venerable holy day in the calendar of the American church. Thanksgiving Day, the Fourth of July, the Twenty-second Day of February and Commemoration Day are all days of political origin and of civic institution, but days which are taking upon them more and more religious significance and in a high, free way a church accent. They are days of profound ethical import, days of spiritual reinforcement and moral inquiry.

Holy days inevitably take upon themselves holiday habits. This is well. When work ceases only the utterly exhausted fail to take a rebound into play. Joy is closely allied to thankfulness, and the merry saints have a right to a place in the calendar. But if the playful decorations are justified—aye, even perpetuated—the core of thoughtfulness, the center of seriousness, must be preserved, must grow.

This morning let us frankly recognize the thought center of this great home festival, the gracious contribution which the grim puritan has bequeathed to the home and national life of our country.

At Thanksgiving time we will do well to take note of the deep things, the profound events, the far-reaching issues of the year it represents; the triumphs for which it would give thanks, the sins for which we must needs humble ourselves.

The great searching event of the year to the United States was the tragic death of our chief executive. The blow that pierced the breast of President McKinley at Buffalo was aimed primarily at the government of the United States—aye, at statutory government the world over. That bullet was aimed in the name of anarchy, in the interest of some conceived good lying beyond, outside of and opposed to governmental authority, even when that government was the creation of the people themselves and a more or less clumsy exponent of the will, the wish, and the interest of all the people. That bullet raised a problem so profound and radical that, compared to it, all the problems of the year, be they economic, political or religious, are of superficial significance.

If, then, this Thanksgiving season is the season of civic introspection, social investigation, and the study of the common weal, there can be no question more appropriate than the oft-mooted question, "What is the cure for anarchy?" a question that has been lying on this pulpit for many a week, the considering of which has been postponed purposely to this benignant season, the calm season of gratefulness, the glad season of home, the season of fireside reunions, the season of reconciliations and recommitment to high and tender things.

"What is the cure for anarchy?" Let me venture a few negative answers:

1. Anarchy cannot be successfully disposed of by threats and denunciations. Anarchy is the child of tyranny, monarchical severities, and social injustice. It was born out of bitterness. Historically and psychologically it thrives on hatred. It can out-hate the most vigorous hater that confesses allegiance to law. The unlicensed tongue can outreach the denunciations of the most skillful tongue that recognizes to any degree the restrictions of law and the requirements of good society and high breeding.

2. It cannot be suppressed by military intimidations. It is the child of violence and thrives by violence. A fell purpose, taking counsel of science, inflamed imagination, and a distorted conscience, can

outwit all guards and find a vulnerable spot in the best planned military armor, as the story of regicides and recent official assassinations clearly prove. Russia, the land of bayonets, censorship, and secret police, as well as the land of mighty standing armies, is the home of Nihilism, the hatching bed of modern anarchy. President McKinley marched to his death at Buffalo between long files of soldiery. He was surrounded by public and private police, and still the assassin's bullet found him midst his bristling defense.

3. Anarchy can never be excluded by any emigration laws. The wrong man will always be shut out and the dangerous men if they so desire will find a way to come hither. The three presidential assassins in the United States were native born, and the most dangerous men in America today are probably not foreign born, at least they are not dangerous because foreign born. America is a nation of foreigners. Therein lies its potency and its promise. There is not a man, woman or child within the hearing of my voice today who is not more or less directly traceable to the stream of immigration, the abused "scum" of Europe, that is the stock in trade of our sensational orators whenever they run out of other rhetorical material.

4. There is no remedy for anarchy in the suppression of free speech. With the growth of free speech has come the decline of violence. Where speech is most guarded, where the press is subjected to the most vigilant censorship there always has violence been most in evidence, rebellion most imminent.

So palpably does history enforce this truth that I am simply amazed to find even a professor of our own Chicago university, if properly reported, recommending that such an illuminating and manifestly humane book, in its purpose, as Hall Caine's "Eternal City" should for the time being at least be prohibited in the United States because of its anarchy producing power. Of the merits and demerits of this book I am not today speaking. It may give to me a message for this pulpit further on, but at the present time enough to say that it is one applicant among a countless number for a hurried reading in America. Its sales at best will be limited to a few thousand. Let it be prescribed by the United States and its readers will be translated from thousands to millions, and the prescription, not the book, will suggest resistance and inspire violence beyond any power that modern genius can put into words.

Negatively, then, I answer the question. Anarchy is not to be cured by threats and denunciation, by military intimidation or by violence, not by any exclusion of immigrants or port guardianship, nor by the suppression of free speech or censorship of the press other than such restrictions as are already on the statute books of enlightened governments looking towards the protection of the innocent from coarseness, vulgarity and immorality.

Let us now try the harder task and answer our question affirmatively.

1. The first step is to understand it. The etymology of the word goes but a little ways. Anarchy is at least a term of philosophy and like all terms of philosophy, every student has a right to explain the terms he uses, and no other student has a right to criticise until his explanations are considered. To confuse the believer in non-resistance, like Tolstoy and Krapotkin and Jesus before them, with those who believe in violence and use violence, is itself destructive of law and antagonistic to order. Whatever anarchy and socialism may be, they represent at least the opposite poles of state-craft, the one believing we have too much government, the other is anxious to increase legislation. Individualism or socialism may be right, or they may both be wrong, but they are never the same thing. So, I say, the first step in the cure of anarchy is to understand it.

The second step is to be fair by it. It is as unjust as it is unphilosophic to confound the anarchist whose weapon is a bullet with the anarchist whose weapons of defense and offense are the beatitudes. Even the advocate of violence, the awful missionary of the poniard and the bullet must be dealt fairly with if he is to be rescued from his fearful delusion and disarmed in his fell work. Before the high court of God he is to be judged by his motive as well as by his ignorance and by his errors. He at least is swayed by a dream of a good not personal. He is lured by a dream of public weal. He has been lifted at intermittent moments at least above the low appetites of selfishness and for this ideal he dares defy not only all considerations of personal safety, but all the testimony of experience and the customs and the enactments of society, and is willing to seal his sincerity by the martyr's devotion. But further back than that, the most violent enemy of the existing order, the worst fragment of human nature to be found is human. As I understand the equity of the universe there is no bottomless pit of utter and endless damnation in store for any child of the infinite God, however debased and debauched, and what is more I have no respect to give and no worship to offer any God that would provide such a place, and they who in their saner moments do not believe in hell or damnation and fear no devil because God is all in all, under pressure of a great grief or in the presence of a great wrong indulge in violent words, talk of infernal things are for the time being in league with violence. They themselves are yielding to the methods and spirit of the anarchist they contemn.

2. Next to fighting anarchy with fairness, we must fight it by education. Intelligence is the lightning rod that will take the electricity out of the cloud before an explosive overcharge is generated. These dangerous elements are fools before they are knaves. Where the wrong of this high handed defiance of law, this attempt to destroy government does not appear, the absurdity of it may be made apparent. You need not stop to discuss the ethics of trying to stop a buzz saw with your thumb. It is a shorter road to show the stupidity of it. The enraged bull, meeting the express train, the Indian in his canoe trying to row up stream in the face of the Niagara whirlpool, Mother Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean with her mop, are inadequate symbols of the foolhardiness of any man or body of men that will throw themselves in the way of the great human army whose progressive march has steadily been towards organization, towards co-operation, towards government, complex, aggressive, stable, triumphant government. The more intelligence, the more government, the more liberty, the stronger government, the more justice, the more inexorable government. This is the verdict of intelligence; this is the lesson enforced by education, and it is a lesson that can be acquired only by education. So in the struggle with anarchy types will always avail more than bullets, spelling books will go farther than policemen's "billies," and school houses will outrank jails, and the school mistresses will accomplish what constables and sheriffs fail to do.

3. The law-*less,* which is the Anglo-Saxon equivalent for anarchy, must be remedied by the law-*ful.* All those who would meet the violent with violence, all advocates of lynch law, those who in high places evade law, are in league with the murderers of kings and the assassins of presidents. The hand that struck down our President was not as solitary as the American people have assumed. All those who silently or otherwise called down mad vengeance upon the head of him who fired the pistol, the governor in his executive chair who said, "This is a case for mob law," the bishop who offered to raise an army of five hundred thousand to drive all anarchists into the sea, the capitalist who seeks to evade his honest taxes, the voter who is in col-

lusion with the man who prostitutes public office to private uses, the man who justifies the self-seeking "boss" and they who seek and hold office for personal gain pelf on the ground that "they all do it, and you are another," these, and all such as these, are in league with the hand that would strike down government through its most honorable representatives. They are in collusion with assassins, and they belong in the ranks of that anarchism that is opposed to law, they are a menace to peace and to justice.

4. This lands me at my fourth point: Anarchy must be fought with justice. Let the upper stratas of society play more fair with the lower stratas. Let equity and not prosperity be the boast of the individual as of the nation, and violence will cease to be, and life will become sacred.

I have no time this morning for illustration, but he who refuses to see any connection between the extravagant indulgences of the avenue and the desperate sufferings of the alley has not yet learned the a-b-c of sociology. He has not yet taken the first lesson in the solution of the grim problem that finds its direst expression in defiance and in destruction, in the anarchy that burns and shoots, the anarchy that is in league with dynamite and poison. And the man or woman who indulges in luxuries however refined and legitimate in themselves, without ever asking himself or herself how can I render an adequate *quid pro quo,* how can I justify these blessings and pleasures by my increased usefulness, by an adequate return as a member of society, as a citizen of the world, he is an anarchist of most dangerous type, he is in league with the forces that *dis*-organize and *de*-moralize.

I know not where the line is to be drawn. I know not how many comforts you and I are entitled to. It is not for me to determine the standards of another who am so baffled in trying to fix standards for myself. It may be that your silks and your satins, your wines and your cigars, your many servants and much serving, your clubs and your parties are all justifiable, but they are only justifiable on the count that you are worth that much more to the world, that you can translate those material things into spiritual energy, restore them so to say back to the life from which they came, of which you are the product and not the creator. Anarchy is the law of competition carried to its desperate end and to its grim failure. Its corrective must be the law of co-operation and co-ordination carried to its benign possibilities.

5. This lands me at the last method of fighting anarchy. The remedy for violence is love. Life will be held cheap and will be destroyed ruthlessly as long as men believe that force is more effective than sympathy, brawn more protective than brain, hate more persuasive than love. War is destructive of law, whether it be carried on by one man or by a hundred thousand men, whether it strike at a peasant or a president. The cry on Calvary, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do," and the echo of that cry at Buffalo, "May the Lord forgive him for what he has done; see that they do him no harm," suggest the superlative cure of anarchy. The security of life is enhanced by increasing its sanctity. Any startling exemption to this law of safety, any rude desecration of this sanctity, should neither stampede the philosopher nor the moralist, much less the devotee who believes in God and the supremacy of the law of love. More symptomatic of the low levels upon which we live, a more alarming indication of incipient anarchy, more searching and dreadful than the deed of the one deluded and disordered assasisn were the lawless words, the law defying bitterness that caused gentle women to speak harsh words and humane men to utter maledictions, to champion, for the moment, doctrines of hell and damnation, of devils and degradations that they despise in their saner moments and that offend them in their more benignant moods.

> "There's not a crime
> But takes its proper change out still in crime.
> If once rung on the counter of this world;
> Let sinners look to it,"

says Mrs. Browning.

It was the blood stained garments of Cæsar more than the subtle arguments of Mark Antony that put fire into the hands and vengeance in the heart of the Roman mob.

I have said enough to bring us face to face not only with those things that will make our Thanksgiving joyous, but face to face with those problems and duties which alone will make those joys continuous and perpetuate the Thanksgiving festival itself.

There may be need of some new legislation in order to embody the principles I have tried to lay down. Obviously the man at Buffalo did not want to kill the *man,* but the *President.* In his spirit he was not a homicide, but something much worse and more dangerous. Shall I call him a "legicide," a destroyer of law? His crime was primarily not murder but treason. It would have been more just if the sentence could have been made to tally more accurately with this fact.

But more than new legislation we need to increase the respect for the legislation that now is. From the humblest victims of social neglect and industrial unfairness up to the President of the United States, the best way to fight anarchy is to heed Ruskin's three great rules of labor, which are as applicable to the workers in the study as those in the mine; which are as binding upon the master of the most gigantic combination in oil or in steel as upon the man who throws switches in the freight yard or sweeps the street crossing. Here they are. "1. Do your own work well, whether it be for life or death. 2. Help other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. 3. Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones."

These are the benignant laws of religion as they are the laws of political economy. Not the religion of creed and dogma, not the religion of exclusion and complacency, of sect and of outward success, but the religion of intelligence, of humanity, the religion of benevolence, good-wishing, beneficence, good-doing, philanthropy,—*philein-anthropos,*—to love man. This is the task of the church, at least it is the avowed task of this church. This church dares not believe that vengeance is an attribute of God and consequently dares not trust vengeance where pity is needed, or hope that death will accomplish what life is given to do.

This sermon lands us at the feet of duties; it rises to a plea for your support, for your co-operation. It calls for a movement, an extension of our word into the work of the world. I let this plea to go unspoken this morning because the words of such a plea are anticipated, are understood. The plea waits the final culmination in *action,* the climax that caps this climax of love is the climax of *deed.*

Courage.

> If Fate should steal your happiness
> And take it far away,
> And then return expectantly
> To watch you weep and pray;
> Just hold your head well up, dear,
> And face the threatening years;
> Drink the bitter cup she gives,
> And smile through all your tears.
>
> Fate knows no law or justice,
> Nor cares what heart she breaks;
> To him who hath enough she gives,
> From him who hath nought, takes.
> So run your race with lifted head,
> And take things like a man;
> Don't grieve if Fortune fails you,
> You've done the best you can. —*Exchange.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—
W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

X.

Choosing a Wife for Isaac—The Death of Abraham.

Abraham was now left without a wife, all alone with his boy Isaac. He had his great tent, in which he lived with his boy, and the herdsmen all around him, alone with all his wealth of silver and gold and flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. But one thing troubled the old man. He did not want to die until his boy Isaac should have a wife. If only this could be arranged, then the old man felt he could die in peace.

In those days it was a usual thing for a father to choose a wife for his son; and Isaac was now a grown man and ready to marry. But Abraham did not want his boy, as he thought of him, to marry among strangers. The people there did not have the same customs. They had been kind enough to him, and he felt very kindly toward them. But still he wanted very much, indeed, that his son should have a wife from among his own people, far away in the land of the Chaldees.

He did not quite know how to arrange it at first. He was an old man—too old, I suppose, to travel very far. Then, too, you remember, he had been charged to go away and remain in Canaan; and somehow it seemed to him that if he were to go back to the land of the Chaldees, he might break the command which had been laid upon him. What is more, it struck him for the same reason that he ought not to send Isaac back there. You see how careful he was to obey. Through all these long years, since he had been a young man, he had remembered the command put upon him by the Great Ruler, how he was to go far away into this new country and found a home and family there.

And so, after awhile, when he had thought about it quite a long time, sitting evening after evening in the front of his tent, he finally decided how he would act. It came to him at last that he would send one of his men far away to the land of the Chaldees, who should try and find a wife there for Isaac and bring her back to him here in Canaan. I suppose it was not a very easy thing to do; but he was going to carry out this plan, if possible.

He called one of his men to him, whom he knew he could trust, and there, in the evening time, in the cool of the day, he said to this man: "Put, I pray thee, thy hand on my thigh." And thus the man did, as he was told to do, without asking any questions. He knew that something very important was coming, because this was an old custom among people in those days and meant a great deal.

And when the man had done so, Abraham asked of him a solemn promise, saying: "I will make thee promise that thou shalt not take a wife for my son from the daughters of the people here in Canaan, among whom I dwell; but that thou shalt go to my country and to my kindred and there take a wife for my son Isaac." The man thought about it. He wanted to make the promise; but he did not see how it could be carried out easily. He might take that journey, and after he got there find that there would not be any father who would allow his daughter to go back with him alone into the land of Canaan. And so he said to Abraham, in the language of those days: "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me into this land? I need to take thy son with me."

Now, this is just what Abraham did not want. He would not listen to it for a moment; for this would seem to him, as we have said, as if he were breaking the command laid upon him many, many years ago. He was going to obey. And he answered the man, saying: "Beware that thou bring not my son into that country. The Lord over all told me to come here and leave the land of my nativity, and said that I should make this my home, and found my family here in Canaan; go thou, therefore, as I have told thee; if the woman be not willing to follow thee, then shalt thou be clear from thy promise; only go thou, and try; if it is not possible, yet thou shalt not bring my son there."

Then the man knew he must do his best and try, at any rate, to get a wife for Isaac in the land of the Chaldees, without taking Isaac with him. You see, people there had learned to obey Abraham and do whatever he told them. The man, therefore, put his hand again on the thigh of Abraham and made the promise. Then he took ten camels and started away, having with him also a great deal of wealth from Abraham, which he might use as gifts among the people to whom he should go.

In those days it was usual to travel with camels, because they had to go over very long sand wastes or deserts, where there was no water to drink. They had to carry their water with them, and, as you know, camels can go a long time without drinking. And so the man started with his camels, making up what was called a caravan, and came at last to the land where Abraham had been born, into a city called Nahor.

He had been thinking all the while, as he traveled over the desert with his camels, what he should do and how he should try to find a wife for Isaac. And as he drew near the city he saw a well of water close by, and he made the camels kneel down and drink from the well.

In that faraway country they did not have many wells and a great supply of water such as we have in our cities nowadays. Most of the wells were situated just outside of the cities; and it was the custom for the people to come out at evening-time and draw water. Then, too, in those days it was the women, rather than the men, who came out to draw water.

All of a sudden, after all his thinking, it came to this man how he would act in choosing a wife for Isaac. He said to himself: "Behold, I stand by this well of water, and the daughters of the men of the city will come out to draw water; now let it come to pass that the damsel—that was what they called the young girls in those days—to whom I shall say, "Let down thy pitcher, pray thee, that I may drink,' and she shall say, 'Drink and I will give thy camels drink also'; let the same be she whom I shall choose as wife for Isaac."

Can you see why he decided to act in this way? I think it must have been because he felt that the one who should offer him water to drink, and also give water to his camels, would naturally be a woman of a kind and true heart—just the sort of wife he would want to find for the son of his dear old master, Abraham. It was not a bad way, after all, because he was among strangers and could not have been able to decide very easily in any other way, even if he had gone from one family to another.

The moment had come, therefore, that was to show whether a wife could be found for Isaac here among the people in the land of the Chaldees. The sun was just setting and the air was becoming cool, when the man saw the women passing out from the gate of the city. And as he waited, behold, he saw a beautiful young woman approaching, whose name was Rebekah. She drew near, and went to the well and filled her pitcher with water. Then the man approached her and said gently: "Give me to drink, I pray thee, a little water of thy pitcher." I suppose she was startled at first; but it was a rule in those days to be kindly towards strangers, and this girl had evidently been well brought up. There was something about the man so gentle that she had no fear. And she answered kindly:

"Drink, my lord;" and she laid down her pitcher and gave him a drink. Then the man waited, seeing what she would do, or how she would act. So far it had gone all very well and he felt quite pleased. As he stood waiting, she turned to him and said: "I will draw for thy camels also, until they have done drinking." And she emptied her pitcher and ran again into the well to draw, and drew for all his camels.

All this time the man was looking steadfastly upon her, not saying anything, but making up his mind that this was the girl whom he would choose as a wife for Isaac. The more he looked upon her, the more pleased he was with her kindly spirit.

Then it occurred to him that he ought to show his respect for what she had done; and so he took out a beautiful gold ring and some beautiful bracelets made of rich gold, of the kind people wore in those days. And he said to her: "Whose daughter art thou?" as he gave her the ring and bracelets. And he went on to say: "Is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge?" And she said to him: "I am the daughter of Bethuel of this city; we have both straw and provender enough and room for thee to lodge in." Then the man said to himself, "It has all come out right; I am sure I have found a wife for Isaac."

In the meantime, Rebekah went home and told her mother and the people in her home what had happened. Rebekah had a brother whose name was Laban; and he ran out and saw the man, and he said to the messenger from Abraham, not knowing, of course, who he was: "Come thou in; wherefore standest thou without? We have prepared the house, and there is room for the camels." And so Laban showed the man into the house and ungirdled the camels, giving them straw and provender, and the water for the man with which to wash his feet and the men's feet that were with him. All was going well now, and the messenger from Abraham was pleased and satisfied. They set meat before him to eat, in order to satisfy his hunger.

And what do you suppose he did? Most persons I fancy would at once have taken the supper set before them, and explained afterwards what they had come for. But not so with this man. He must first do what he had been told to do. And so he said to them: "I will not eat until I have told my errand." And they answered: "Speak on." And then he said:

"I am the servant of Abraham. My master has been very much blest and he has become great; he hath flocks and herds and silver and gold and men servants and maid servants and camels. And Sarah, my master's wife, had a little child when she was old, and to this child my master will give all the riches. Now, my master Abraham made me promise, saying, 'Thou shalt not take a wife for my son from the people in Canaan where I dwell, but thou shalt go unto my father's house and to my kindred and there take a wife for my son.' And I said unto my master, 'Peradventure the woman will not follow me?' And Abraham told me to go and try and find a wife there among his kindred; and I have traveled a long distance and I came this day unto the well just outside the city, and I said to myself, 'Let it come to pass that the maiden which cometh forth to draw water, to whom I shall say Give me, I pray thee, a little water from thy pitcher to drink, and she shall say to me, 'Both drink thou, and I will also draw for thy camels,' let this same woman become the wife for Isaac.' And before I had done speaking in my heart, behold, Rebekah came forth with her pitcher on her shoulder and she went down to the well to draw. And I said to her, 'Let me drink, I pray thee,' and she made haste and let down her pitcher and said, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also.' So I drank, and she bade the camels to drink. And I asked her, 'Whose daughter art thou?' and she answered and said, 'I am the daughter of Bethuel.' Then I gave her the ring and the bracelets and I bowed my head and was happy to think perhaps I had found a wife for my master's son. Now, if you will deal kindly with my master, tell me that I may turn back with a wife for his son Isaac."

Then they said to him, feeling it was all right: "Rebekah is before thee; take her and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife." Then the servant knew that all was right; that everything was coming out just in the way it was desired by Abraham.

And so he brought forth the gifts which he had carried with him, jewels of silver and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah. He gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things. And then he did eat and drink and the men that were with him, and tarried all night. In the morning he rose up and said, "Send me away now unto my master." But it seemed very hard to the father and mother that they should part at once with their dear child. They wanted at least that she should remain with them a few days longer, as they might never see her again, since she had to go into a far country, where they themselves had never been. And so they said: "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at least ten days; after that she shall go."

But the messenger remembered that Abraham was an old man; and he felt he ought not to wait any longer. He had come all this journey over the desert in order to get a wife for Isaac, and he thought he ought to go back right away. And he said, therefore, to them: "Hinder me not; send me away that I may go to my master." Then they thought the right way would be to let Rebekah decide for herself. So they turned to her and said: "Wilt thou go with this man?"

I suppose it must have been very hard for her to decide so abruptly. There she was with her dear father and mother and family. But she also thought of what the man had told her about old Abraham sitting there, far away, waiting patiently for the return. And she said at last: "I will go." Then came the parting. It was beautiful, although very sad. Rebekah belonged to a large family, and they all came together, father, mother, brothers and sisters, and bade her good-bye, placing her on one of the camels for the long distance she had to travel over the desert to the land of Canaan. I fancy at first she may have cried and felt very sad at parting so suddenly from home and father and mother and all the rest. But she was young, and she knew she was going away to become the wife of a good and true man. And as she traveled on and on, she kept wondering to herself what kind of a man her husband would be.

In the meanwhile you can readily fancy that Isaac must have been growing a little impatient back there in Canaan, waiting for the woman who was to become his wife. Abraham, as an old man, felt it would come out all right; and he said nothing. But at last Isaac could not wait any longer. He went out thinking perhaps he would meet the caravan on its homeward journey. And sure enough, there in the distance, when he lifted up his eyes, were the camels approaching. And Rebekah, looking ahead, saw Isaac, and she alighted from off the camel and said to the messenger: "What man is this that cometh to meet us?" And he answered "It is Isaac, the son of my master Abraham—the man whom thou art to marry." At this she drew down her veil as Isaac approached, and so at last the whole caravan arrived in the presence of Abraham.

It must have been a pleasant home-coming. Rebekah became the wife of Isaac, and Abraham was well satisfied. He was completely happy now, and felt that the time had come when he should be ready to die. He was now one hundred and sixty-three, and older than Sarah had been at her death.

At last the end came to the good, patient, obedient old Abraham. The aged patriarch who had lived all his years among strangers in the land of Canaan was

now at rest. And they laid his body away along with the body of his wife Sarah in the family tomb in the cave of Machpelah. And so Isaac became the head of the family while all his father's wealth fell to him. But he had been brought up well and was a brave, strong, true young man, and lived in the same true, simple way as his father Abraham had done.

To THE TEACHNER: This is to be told more as an exquisitely beautiful story from early times. Each detail should be dwelt upon. Go over the narrative a number of times, if possible. Again bring up the loyalty of Abraham; how he never forgot the commands laid upon him and how obedient he was to the spirit of a charge as well as to the letter. Emphasize how the servant had quite the same spirit in his obedience to Abraham. Show a picture of a caravan and of "Rebekah at the Well." Point out the gentle modesty of Rebekah and her sweet spirit of helpfulness. At the end of the chapter it might be well to go back and have a review of the stories about Abraham. Too much cannot be made of the beautiful character of this man as a union of gentleness with greatness.

MEMORY VERSES: *I will not eat until I have told my errand. Hinder me not; send me away that I may go. to my Master.*

Higher Living XXI.

Trust in human nature. That never deceives.—*Madame Roland.*

The causes of our mental structure are doubtless natural, and connected, like all our other peculiarities, with those of our nervous structure.—*William James.*

The time has come when scientific truth must cease to be the property of the few—when it must be worked into the common life of the world.—*Agassiz.*

Character, though it may be conceived at latent, can be presented only energetically as it finds outward expression.—*G. E. Woodberry.*

A six-year-old child has learned already more than a student learns in his entire university course.—*Dr. Lange.*

1. Life tends to increase the volume of each living body and of all its parts.
2. New wants in animals give rise to new organs.
3. The development of these organs is in proportion to their employment.—*Lamarck.*

From the standpoint of the actual needs of the child, as determined by close study of the laws of development, it seems clear that to every permissible extent he requires the vital satisfaction as well as help which comes from being indiscriminately active in directions suggested both by his spontaneous impulses and ideas, and by the various objects in the outer world of persons and things which may happen to arrest his attention. This is found to be in accordance with the experience of all young animals as well as children, wherein they are afforded the only possibility of ever learning to discriminate and make wise choices. The semi-rhythmic, indiscriminate activity of newly born kittens quickly proves its usefulness by bringing mother and offspring into just those relations which discrimination itself would select to assure the proper nourishment of the latter. The wayward motions of infantile hands and feet are similarly prerequisite for selective handling and holding later on. So the busy experimentation of the older child is altogether his most prolific source of real knowledge. Indeed, it is only as the child moves, and is permitted to move, that he gets a realistic sense of either himself, other people, or the material world around him, or, later on, the usual notions of the proper significance of these, either for himself or for themselves.

Hence, the first law of child growth which should be carefully heeded is the law of spontaneous and responsive activity; that is, in other words, the law of expression in obedience to inborn tendencies on the one hand, more or less modified by external influences on the other. Not simply accumulation or retention then, but active expression constitutes a most useful characteristic, which should be seriously considered and cultivated at every step of the child's progress.

For, normally speaking, childhood is pre-eminently the period of indiscriminate activity. Into everything, high and low, near and far, good and bad, useful and useless, painful and pleasureable, does it obtrude itself, both anticipatively and aggressively. If the sphere of activity be wide and various, all within this is successively investigated for whatever it may be worth to the growing organizism. If its scope be narrow, then are the fewer elements at hand made to do, over and over again, in the necessary exercise of this feeling for activity. But in any case, no matter what for, or how conditioned, spontaneously does the child spirit strike out in every possible direction, and, reflexly, in every other direction, as may be constrained by new conditions. From the krinkle root of the woods to the topmost apple on the winter bough; from bird to fish; from rock to sensitive plant; from pets to ogres; from the chance word to hardest study—from everything redolent of earth to the surest anticipations of heaven does it seek to gather something that may prove itself as just so much the possibility, not only of a new sensation, but of fresh ideation and of other activities still, both voluntary and otherwise.

But what shall be done with all this more or less troublesome activity? Shall it be shackled—shall it be made useful—shall it be supplanted by quiet devotion to other forms of development? Undoubtedly every time the child's activity is hindered some sort of possible useful result and growth may be interfered with. Yet, also, we must remember that every time such interference is encountered the child is likewis naturally inspired in turn to energize against it; and so, must needs again, bcause of this, develop himself more or less in some perhaps equally good direction. Evidently, the methods most conducive to his developmental welfare would include just all the privileges to action possible, coupled with just as few restraints as will serve to keep such activities directed along safe and constructive lines, rather than the reverse. Generally speaking, if constitution and health admit of it activity should be encouraged in every possible way. The problem here is not how to suppress and annihilate, but how to encourage those motorial expressions which will develop the child most generally and fully. That there must needs be a seemingly great excess of motor activity in order that the requisite growth of the body, and the parallel systematic organization of the brain, may be secured, is supported by all that we know of child physioligy, and of developmental psychology. But seeming excess does not imply necessarily that such excess should always be arbitrarily curtailed. This will depend upon whether the excessive motion is due to abundant nutrition, and the force which is thus engendered, or to a lack of nutrition, and the abnormal irritability consequent upon this. Many a child is overactive, not from a robust production of force which should be allowed natural expression, but from an actual under-production which expresses itself in a weak spot of constant motion, and, when found to be the case, should be managed accordingly, or else irreparable damage may be done. Irritability and fidgets are manifestations of innutrition, or of poisoning, or of fatigue, or of all combined; and these conditions often require that the tendency to excessive motion be checked, and that other proper measures be takn to relieve the child of his inefficiency. Often careful and prolonged study of the peculiar circumstances of the given instance will be required to warrant accurate understanding and provide the means requisite for the child's best welfare. For instance, a

little Italian in the kindergarten proved to be so restless, cross and mischievous that the director had decided that for the welfare of the other children she must forbid his further attendance. A visiting physician advised trying a sumptuous bowl of bread and milk each morning before the circle was called together. This proved all that was needed to transform the child nuisance into a child pleasure. Similar conditions of irritability and excessive motion in children of wealthier homes may frequently be relieved simply by substituting digestible and nourishing food for the overrich dishes which cannot be digested, and consequently leave the child starved and poisoned.

In all the child's activities one thing is very noticeable, namely, the tendency to unconsciously imitate the voices and gestures and other expressions of the persons and even animals with whom he is associated. As time goes on he much more definitely does this, through his broadening powers of adaptive reaction to whatever comes in his way. In other words, he now spends most of his time in trying to realize consciously, and thus make himself the true possessor of every sort of activity which he happens to observe in other people. This, the method of developmental dramatization, is to the child the most important element in all his educational life. Without it the world would present to him little save a multitude of deluded, senseless and unassociated notions. With it, he is able to both find out the meanings of what is said and done by others, and to properly co-ordinate each new meaning with all the rest of his own thought and expressions. In this way, step by step, do his activities, his ponderings, his hurts, his listenings, his hopes and fears, all become worked over into knowledge, and hence into a source of self-reliance and future promise.

And it is just this process of dramatization which, by all odds, is of paramount importance in the development of the child's selfhood. Not results, but the activities which lead toward results, is the normal attitude of children toward life. It is the sensational and emotional flow that comes from new observation, new motion-activity, new combinations and deductions, new startings and stoppings, new fancies and experiments which fascinate him, and determines what he shall do or not do. Yet this must not be expected to satisfy him for long, in any given case. Ever so interesting a toy or game or story fails just so soon as he can get nothing new from it, or by it. Only as he can work it over—that is, dramatize it, in some new fashion—does he find renewed and prolonged interest in it. Hence his life is one long trial of the uncompleted—of things begun but never finished; things projected but never started; things hoped for but never sought.

Dramatization, then, or active adaptive response to impressions, seems to be the method of childhood's spontaneous education. Generally speaking, if the child is not permitted to thus work over consciously and adaptively what he observes or is told, he really learns very little about it. The best teachers may point out the scales, and dwell eloquently upon the beautiful satisfaction to be derived from musical skill. But the child will never become a musician, save through persistent practice of them, under the inspiration of renewed interest, secured in every practical way. The best of parents may inculcate virtuous precepts unfailingly; but only as the child in some sort practices these will he ever learn their meanings or be much influenced by them. The rules of arithmetic and descriptions of geography may be as plain as words can make them, but only the days for cyphering and practical observation can reveal their meaning. In fact, the child's mind and heart truly grow, just as the body truly grows, only by the exercise which makes assimilation in either case a realized fact to its own self.

SMITH BAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE.

An Hour With the Magazines.

Magazines are dangerous, so dangerous that when we see one of them lying by the wayside we try to follow the example of the priest and the Levite and "pass by on the other side." They are dangerous not chiefly on account of the poor things that are published; indeed the magazines that come our way have little of the "stuff" that one would condemn. Their danger lies quite in the other direction—the excellence of the material, the attractive form, the seductive illustrations that really illustrate. These constitute the elements most difficult to resist. There is so much in the magazines that is "worth reading." They represent so much culture and thought that it is hard not to surrender to them and when the surrenderer is made then what becomes of the busy man's purpose to read solid books and to guard his intellectual integrity by doing a little thinking of his own?

And still we would not have the magazines out of the world for to an ever-increasing multitude they are the "ameliorating circumstance" in lives otherwise harassed by many cares, torn by many duties, distracted by many doubts.

It is with a full sense then of our responsibility that we handle this pile of December monthlies, dreading to commend for fear we will tempt some curious mind from its task, some minister from his book, some home-maker from her divine choring, but still less dare we withhold the commendation lest perchance some one should yield to the vulgar distractions of gossip and crowds and the idle concessions of golf and tennis with a minimum of golf and tennis and a maximum of cigars, lemonade and idleness in the year to come when he or she might have been delighting in the higher joys of the magazines.

We dare not withhold the commendatory word lest the demoralizing daily paper and the debilitating blanket of the Sunday newspaper render the mind of some one utterly incompetent to follow even a magazine article to its finish.

The Atlantic Monthly.

Still at the head in dignity, sobriety and Quaker reserve. To find the *Atlantic Monthly* on the home-table or in the hand of a reader is always a high compliment to the home and to the reader, not that it holds a monopoly now of culture or ethical dignity, but on account of its honorable descent and still its abiding confidence in the ability of good literature to stand on its own merits. We are glad for the illustrated magazines, but we are glad that there is one that trusts the letter and the thought. Our readers will look elsewhere for the promising attractions for next year. Mary Johnston and George William Cable will furnish serials. There is an attractive promise of short stories. These can be taken for granted, but it is gratifying to see the *Atlantic* taking up the hot questions of the day, not in a cold way, but with the deliberation that they need. When Miss Vida Scudder speaks concerning the present social movement she cannot be ignored. Ambrose P. Winston is going to write on labor organizations. This and much more justifies the confident saying that the *Atlantic* is a magazine to be looked for in 1902.

The Century.

This is the king of the other kind. The *Atlantic* among illustrated magazines, one of the first in order of time as it is still first in order of quality. The pictures make of it an art magazine, the matter makes of it a literary magazine, for is not Richard Watson Gilder editor? Nineteen hundred and two will be a memorable year in the eventful story of this magazine, for it will be "A Year of American Humor." What a congress of the men who are engaged in the sober work of creating laughter, the peculiar American industry of "making fun" have we here. Twain at the head, Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Dooley, Oliver Herford, George Ade and the rest of them following after. How fitting an introduction to this year's work is Milton's "L'Allegro" in the December number, and how marvelously beautiful and fitting are the colored illustrations by Maxfield Parrish. These landscapes are as Miltonic as the verses they emphasize.

The Review of Reviews.

We like to have a look at this monthly, if only to study current topics from the standpoint of the caricaturists in Europe and America. This is certainly a magazine whose excellency is its only danger. Ten minutes a day to the daily paper, three hours to the monthly digest in this magazine and you will be a better informed man concerning the world's doings than the majority of those who waste an hour of precious time each day over their "dailies."

The New England Magazine.

We are not yet accustomed to the new dress and the new center. We miss the Boston of it, not but what we like New York, but we do not like folks away from

home as well as at home. We miss very much the unique, striking and always noble editorial department of our friend, Edwin D. Mead, and we miss again the quieter cover of the old magazine. This blue and white while striking at the outset grows so untidy with a little handling. And still the subject matter is true to its primal inspiration and it is good to have it in one's hands, and it has a right to a place among its competitors.

Harper's Monthly Magazine.

We miss the old cover under which this magazine won its great victories and which is inseparably associated with the subtle charm and pervasive sweetness of George William Curtis. But on the inside it is more familiar. The January number contains some more interesting attempts at color printing, and the year is to contain pictures of E. A. Abbey, poems from Henry Van Dyke and the prospect of a serial by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, promise enough for one year.

Scribner's Magazine.

The January number is before us. Hopkinson Smith's serial and Henry Cabot Lodge's article on "The Treaty Making Power of the Senate" attract the attention. But the first of a series of articles on the American "commercial invasion" of Europe is a striking one. The pictures of the "American Harvester in Russia," "American coal handling machines in Germany," "American electric cars in Cairo," an "American steel bridge a-building in Burma," an "American windmill in Bombay," "American locomotives at Constantinople," an "American typewriter in Uganda" (wherever that may be) and an "American Cash register in Dunban" are sufficiently interpretative of the article and a hint of the great facts back of it. We might add further in this line what the writer of this article did not know and what the readers of it will not care to know, that there was a request for a sample copy of UNITY from Egypt the other day.

The North American Review.

This has reached its eighty-seventh year. It must be the veteran among American magazines. Lew Wallace, Professor Shaler, Joaquin Miller and W. D. Howells are among the names that appear on the December title page, which shows how the veterans in literature trust it. Lyman Gage has an article on "Customs Inspection of Baggage," and here is material concerning "Presidential assassinations," "International control of anarchists," "Monroe Doctrine" and "Aerial navigation.

The Forum.

This monthly heroically keeps to its plain form and sober matter. We still must think of it as the organ of American statesmanship. It seldom goes much ahead of the line in pioneer work but it represents the scholarship and integrity of those in the line of American democracy. The young man who feels that voting is a responsibility and that politics may be an honorable profession should consult *The Forum.*

The World's Work.

If the *North American* is the oldest, this is the latest monthly visitant. It is but a year and a half old. Mr. Page, the editor, is giving it the benefit of great natural editorial capacity, disciplined and strengthened by a valuable and high apprenticeship in other fields. The disturbing mass of advertisements fore and aft testify to the prosperity of the craft. This is a magazine that photographs current events, many of them snap-shots of the unconscious world busy at its tasks, all of which talks are more potent for good or for evil than the world dreams of.

The Cosmopolitan.

The first of the magazines to really strike for a right to use the word "popular." This magazine deserves the striking sucess it has a chieved not only for the always readable and sometimes highly profitable matter it contains, but perhaps even more for the sociological triumph in the manufacture. John Brisben Walker in *The Cosmopolitan* has not only demonstrated an editorial capacity, but an executive ability which goes far towards showing how it is possible to make labor profitable without debasing it, and the laborer happy and progressive without escaping from toil.

McClure's Magazine.

What can we say of this magazine, that will get itself read whether or no? It is hopefully scignificant that this "popular magazine" has its leading article in December on Michael Angelo, magnificently illustrated with tinted prints of the masterpiece of the master for all times.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.

This testifies that Philadelphia is in the race, though confessedly tagging far behind Boston and New York. We were going to toss this number aside, but Paul Dunbar's "Visiting of Mother Danbury," a prose "Ohio Pastoral," Zangwill's two poems, and Edmund Gosse's "Best Books" have compelled us to cut the leaves against our wishes and in spite of our principle not to waste time on monthlies.

Everybody's Magazine.

This is another Philadelphia venture, a department store product, John Wanamaker publisher. Is it one more ingenious advertisement of dry goods or is it dry goods taking upon itself new and higher meaning? Time alone can tell.

The Chautauquan Magazine.

This is probably a necessity to the Chatauquans, much of it fits into their study plans, all of it is designed to promote their great and far-reaching educational schemes.

The Pilgrim.

The one monthly of pretension and hope on our table that clings to the inconvenient quarto shape, a monthly that dares try to live with an obscure western town as its place of abode. Its illustration are obviously inferior to those found in its older rivals, and still it is an interesting, high and prophetic venture. Why should not the wholesome and free spaces of Battle Creek or of Ann Arbor, Mich., be a good place for a great print shop and an inspiring place for an editorial corps to live? The editor is an "Abbott," born to literature and trained to the sanctum. It frankly confesses a social problem and faces its perplexities. Edwin Markham, Ernest Crosby and Herbert S. Bigelow are among its contributors. The editions already over reach the million. We shall wait anxiously for the more convenient form, the better illustrations that will enable it to realize its ambition to be an all around family magazine with a conscience and an enthusiasm, not afraid of politics and still unstained by partisan taint.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

How can we know about this? But there is a joke in it somewhere; we do not know where. Here is a man in this age of women and women's clubs editing the most successful woman's paper in the world. What is the matter? Why is it thus?

The Literary World.

This is edited by still another "Abbott." Its great value lies in the fact that it comes but once a month, and it does not try to reflect everything or report all the books. We feel safer in its literary estimates than in most of the material of that kind that reaches our table.

The Open Court.

Of all the magazines that we know of this is the most defiant towards what is called the "popular demand." It is most independent of public approbation. It goes on publishing things that to its mind are important, whether the people read or not; but they are reading *The Open Court* more and more. Dr. Carus and his associates are reaching an increasing constituency of thoughtful and thought-making people.

Free Thought Magazine.

Heroically H. L. Green holds on to this organ of protest, still, as it seems to us, too full of crass negations, but this is being steadily ameliorated by the spirit of science and the growing spirit of hospitality whch makes reverence without dogmatism possible.

The House Beautiful.

Chicago's most dignified attempt at producing a really artistic magazine. Certainly the Christmas number contains a beautiful series of mother and child pictures printed in sepia. As the name indicates, its primal inspiration is architectural, and still there is "smoke in the flame," and there is something wanting or something too much in it. But it is the expression of youth and has the hope and promise of youth.

One "hour" has grown to be two hours. The above notices are unsolicited and unpaid for. But few of the above magazines think UNITY worthy of an exchange, and when we wish to consult them we go and buy them. It would be delightful indulgence to do it once a month, but if we did that we should do nothing else. But we are glad we did it this closing week of the year, for it brings a rich sense of companionship. UNITY is glad, in some far off humble way, to feel at home in this fraternity. It would like to make common cause with them, and if we could touch even incidentally the interest of these editors who work for the better day as they touch ours it would be better for UNITY and we trust none the worse for them.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Happy children of a common Father—every flower and weed a friend, every tree a lover—why should I, their own sister, be less content and joyous than they?

MON.—The passion for being forever with one's fellows, and the fear of being left alone for a few hours, is to me wholly incomprehensible.

TUES.—The garden is the place I go to for refuge and shelter, not the house.

WED.—I often fall to wondering at the vast and impassable distance that separates one's own soul from the soul of the person sitting in the next chair.

THURS.—It is so sweet to be sad when one has nothing to be sad about.

FRI.—Every failure must be used as a stepping-stone to something better.

SAT.—The truest happiness consists in finding one's vocation quickly and continuing in it all one's days.

—*"Elizabeth and her German Garden."*

When Charlie Has the Croup.

At midnight's witching hour
  A sound falls on my ear;
Is it a spirit dour
  From an unearthly sphere?
A rasping, hollow sound,
  An Indian's wild war-whoop—
Alas! its source I've found—
  Wee Charlie has the croup.

Then cries resound afar:
  "Run for the doctor, Will!"
"Jane, bring the goose grease jar;
  The child is very ill."
A-quaking with the cold,
  Fantastic figures troop
Toward the fair, white fold
  Where Charlie has the croup.

"Just try a pinch of salt;"
  "Hive syrup, vaseline,"
"Warm vinegar and malt;"
  "Camphor and creamaline."
All the nauseous doses
  Each member of the group
Anxiously imposes,
  Thrust down his throat for croup.

"Ipecacuanha wine,"
  "Ammonia with lard,"
"Olive oil and turpentine"—
  "Rub in both good and hard."
"A rabbit's skin is best,"
  Says cheery Grandma Stroup,
"Laid right across his chest;
  "'Twill surely cure the croup."

"A wet cloth on his head,"
  "Drink coal oil for the cough,"
"Hot bottle in his bed,"
  "Strong peppermint to quaff."
Confusion doth prevail,
  Our spirits sadly droop,
And fortitude will fail
  When Charlie has the croup.

When our good ship comes in,
  Garnered with golden grain,
For dark and wintry days,
  We'll seek a sunny main.
Afar from fog and frost,
  We'll go to Guadalupe,
No matter what the cost,
  If Charlie's cured of croup.

—*May R. Haymes.*

The Story of a Fossil.

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a little fern growing in the woods. It first crept out of the ground a wee, tender thing, rolled in a pale green spiral, which opened day by day until the little fern stood up and faced a beautiful world. Warmed by the sun, fed by the rain, it grew—dainty and fair as those you and I love to gather in the woods. But no eager hand reached down to pluck it, for in all the great lovely earth there were no people to enjoy its beauty. The sighing of the wind in the trees, the music of a brook near by, were the only sounds to be heard.

One day a great storm came. Louder and louder blew the wind through the tree tops. Day after day the rain fell, wider and wider grew the little brook. Could this raging, roaring torrent have been the sweet musician of the forest but a week ago? At last the rushing waters came so near that the frail little fern was caught by the stream and whirled away.

Over and over, round and round, down to the bottom, up to the top—not a moment's rest for it. Flung against stones, hurled among floating branches, tossed amid leaves and twigs, bruised by sand and gravel; for the brook in its haste carried along everything in its reach. For days the fern was borne swiftly on until they came to the quiet waters of a lake. Then, together with the leaves and sand and gravel the little fern sank to the bottom.

Every day the stream brought more sand and gravel, and they were buried deeper and deeper and it seemed quite certain the sun would never shine upon the little fern. Year after year, hundreds and hundreds of years passed, and it was buried under many feet of earth. Gradually the tiny fern, once so fragile that a baby's hand might easily have crushed it, became harder, until it turned to stone. The sand and gravel, too, became solid rock.

You must remember that by this time they were pressed under tons and tons of earth. Great forest trees had been added to the weight over them; for while the little fern was quietly sleeping, wonderful things had happened in the bright world outside. Where the lake had been, a wider marsh appeared, then a forest. But even ground in which they grew sank lower, lower; and the forest became covered with water.

And so change after change came, until again the surface far above the little fern was covered with dense forests. The world was no longer silent. Fleet-footed deer sped through the trees, chased by the arrows of the Indians, and the air was filled with the song of birds. The woods were full of life.

Then came the white man with his ax, felling the trees, building houses and towns, digging far into the earth for the wealth hidden below. Down, down, deep in the mines went the brave miners, searching for the coal that long years ago had been forest trees and beautiful plants.

There came a day when the "clang! clang!" of the pickax reached the quiet resting place of the little fern. Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, until finally there was a burst of light, a blow from a tool that shattered the surrounding rocks; and the little fern fell at the feet of a man. Such a cold, stiff little fern, all made of stone! The pretty green color was gone, but the leaves were there, and even the veins, just as they had been thousands of years before, when the fern was fresh and young.

"Look here, Harry," said the miner, picking up the piece of stone and handing it to his companion, "your little boy will be interested in this fossil."

So once more the bright sun shone upon the little fern, as it was carried to the miner's home. Loving fingers touched the shining dark leaves, and bright eyes gazed in wonder as the story of it was told to the children. After its calm, happy life in the woods, after its long, perilous journey, after being shut away from the day and night for ages, this beautiful fern has now become a household treasure.—*Primary Education.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Green Bay, Wis.—In calling the roll of the progressive churches of Wisconsin, aye, in making up the list of "Liberal Churches" in any sense that makes the term vital, making it mean a quality and a spirit rather than ecclesiastical relations, the First Congregational Church at this place must be given a position high in the list. Indeed, we know of no other church in the state that faces more persistently the new problems which religion has to confront than this church, led by the fearless, though earnest and devout Rev. J. M. A. Spence, *The Unionist*, the monthly organ of this society, which we have had occasion to commend before, is before us in its December garb. Its pages are laden with greetings from friends far and near, and the literary as well as the ethical contents reflect great credit upon the editorial management.

Foreign Notes.

THE "PROTESTANT PERIL."—What a world-wide difference as to religious conditions between America, or Great Britain for instance, and the French republic is suggested by these few lines taken from *La Semaine Religieuse*, of Geneva:

"The *Signal*, of Paris, calls attention to the fact that this year the leading graduate of the Naval School and the winner of the first prize in the rhetorical contest between the lyceums and colleges of the departments of France, both belong to the Reformed religion. It adds that the daughter and the son of Rev. Leopold Monod (a Protestant pastor of Lyons), both students of medicine, presented themselves as candidates in the competition for day scholarships and came out, respectively, second and third. The 'Protestant Peril' is evidently increasing."

The above item is immediately followed by another regarding the anti-Roman movement in the French department of Gers, where Abbé Louis Bounet, curé of Préchacq, announced on the day of All Souls his withdrawal from the church of Rome. Mr. Bounet, a man thirty-one years of age, has gone over to Protestantism and has been most cordially received. Since then two ex-priests have been holding Protestant services in that region. Préchacq is the fourth locality in the department where a similar movement has taken place. In a meeting held at Mirande Mr. Bounet announced the forthcoming withdrawal of three more priests in this department.

AN IRREGULAR BAPTISM.—Certain Roman Catholic papers are much disturbed over the fact that at the baptism of an ambassador's baby celebrated at Compiègne by Cardinal Langevieux, the czar was permitted to act as god-father. The *Correspondance Hebdomadoire Catholique* thus expresses itself:

"It is very painful to one's conscience to see a bishop accept a schismatic prince as god-father for a Catholic child. The occurrence seems to be unprecedented and it can but have a deplorable effect by leading the multitude to believe that all religions are good, and that anything is allowable for a prince. Those whom God has placed at the head of his church ought not to be chiefly concerned about propitiating the powerful of the earth by concessions and flattery. They ought to think also of the people committed to their care whose faith is endangered when their leaders seem to lack in dignity, energy and equal justice for all."

M. BRUNETIÈRE AS LECTURER ON CALVIN.—The rumor current for some time that M. Brunetière is to give a lecture on Calvin at the very fountainhead of Calvinism, the city of Geneva, seems to find authentic confirmation in the following extract from *La Semaine Littéraire* of October 4:

"Everybody knows that last year M. Brunetière gave in Rome a lecture on the modern in Bassuet. Having thus spoken in the papal city, the eminent academician seems to have conceived a desire to speak on Calvin and Calvinism in Geneva, the city of the Reformation. This idea is not lacking in a certain hardihood, for the director of *Revue des Deux Monde* must know very well that the political and philosophical conceptions are very far from being those current among us. Whatever may be the opinions of the lecturer, however, his high literary standing, his incontestible critical ability will receive due recognition among us, and we feel sure in advance that an appreciative audience will be ready to hear him. 'I should not be insensible to the pleasure of speaking on Calvin or Calvinism in Geneva,' writes M. Brunetière himself on this subject. 'I could, I believe, do it in a way to offend no one and with a moderation in expressing myself which would cost me the less because in these matters, after having employed violence for three hundred years, the twentieth century might well try the adoption of a different method.'

"Knowing that M. Brunetière would come to Geneva if invited, the Society of Arts and Letters took the initiative, we are told, by inviting him, considering it a piece of literary good fortune for our city to have the first fruits of a lecture which is certain to make considerable stir. No doubt opponents of M. Brunetière's views will arise to whom the society, which is absolutely independent in its methods of procedure, will be glad to offer equal hospitality."

After quoting the above, *La Semaine Religieuse* notes as a curious coincidence that the Pastors' National Evangelical Association long since invited Prof. Emile Donmergue to give two lectures in Geneva this winter on Calvin, whose biography this distinguished Montauban professor is now writing. It will be issued in five volumes.

PROTESTANT CHAPEL AT LUGANO.—Visitors to the Italian lakes may be interested to know that a chapel has recently been dedicated in Lugano which can be rented for religious exercises, lectures, classes, etc., by Lugano Protestants of any nationality or denomination. It was built by a local society consisting of fourteen members at an ultimate cost, with the site, of $13,000. Of this sum $12,400 has already been received, $6,600 being raised in Lugano itself, the balance in Switzerland and elsewhere, without the aid of any religious organization whatever. The façade and tower are still unfinished and about $3,000 more will be needed to bring the whole to completion. It has a seating capacity of 500. The dedicatory exercises consisted of a French address by Pastor Calvino, of Lugano; a German discourse by Pastor Hoch, of Bellinzona; a German sermon by Pastor Stockmeyer, of Basel; an Italian sermon by Pastor Rostan, of Como, and a prayer by Pastor Pons, a Waldensian moderator, this program being interspersed with hymns in the various languages. A banquet with covers laid for some sixty guests followed at the Hotel Beau-Regard, and at 5 p. m. there was a special service for children in the chapel, at which five speakers were heard in French, German or Italian.

M. E. H.

The Little Pilgrim Maid.

There was a little Pilgrim maid
  Who used to sit up, so;
I wonder if she ever laughed
  Two hundred years ago.

She wore such funny little mitts,
  And dainty cap of silk!
She had a little porringer
  For her brown bread and milk.

She was so good, so very good;
  Ah, me! I most despair.
She never tore her Sabbath dress
  A-sliding down the stair.

But then, I really try and try
  To do the best I can:
P'r'aps I can be almost as good
  As little Puritan.

And if when next Thanksgiving comes
  I try to sit up, so,
Maybe I'll seem from Pilgrim land
  Two hundred years ago. —*Exchange.*

Eugene Field's Poems in Pictures.

"The Patron Saint of Childhood" is Eugene Field's title in some parts of this land, and in Missouri the schoolchildren set aside one day each year in which to honor his memory. Few poets have ever cared so much for children as did he, and for this reason the announcement made by The *Ladies' Home Journal* that Mr. Maxfield Parrish is to picture some of Field's best-loved poems for that magazine should be a pleasurable one, especially for little folks. Mr. Parrish has a place in the first rank of living illustrators, and his sympathy with the idea assures unusual effort. Among the poems which will be "painted" are "Little Boy Blue," "Seein' Things at Night," "A Little Peach in an Orchard Grew," and "Wynken and Blynken and Nod." Each reproduction will occupy a full page of *The Journal.*

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